

The Benjamin Prior Farm on Depot Street also has a ghost in residence, but this is one with a difference. The house, now owned by Morgan Lamarche, is haunted by the last Indian living in Duxbury.

According to local histories, Hitty and her husband, Tom, were the last two Native Americans to live in town. Their camp was along Camp Shore Island Creek. When Tom died, Hitty became known as Hitty Tom.

According to this research, Hitty and the local Duxbury people lived in peace and harmony. All of that ended when Hitty died and the town split into two factions over the fate of her body.

"One faction would bury her in the town burial ground," Morgan says. The other group did think it appropriate for good Christians to share eternity cheek by jowl with a heathen Native American.

Apparently Benjamin Prior's descendant, Eliphaz Prior, was a free thinker and an altruist. He ended the controversy by burying Hitty Tom on his land. He also jammed it to the naysayers by burying Hitty on the southerly end of his farm, directly adjacent to the burial ground.

"Only a fence separated Hitty Tom from the burying ground," Morgan says.

In later years, the section of Prior Farm that contained Hitty Tom's gravesite was cut off from the rest of the land by the railroad. Her final resting place, like those of many of the men who opposed burying her in the town cemetery, is unmarked and unknown.

Over the years, however, tales have been told about ghostly happenings in the Prior house. Many believe her spirit hovers over the house of her last benefactor.

Now, you may be sitting there saying, "I don't believe in ghosts," but if you can believe our sources, the real question may be "Do the ghosts believe in you?"

Play it safe and don't tempt fate between now and All Hallows' Eve. Don't whistle past a cemetery. Don't let an unoccupied rocking chair rock. Avoid walking beneath ladders and, when in doubt, just keep repeating that old Scots prayer: *From ghosties and ghoulies and long leggetty beasties and things that go bump in the night, dear God, protect us.* ❧